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Title: Hubert the Lion

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Hubert the lion was  
haughty and vain, and  
especially proud of his  
elegant mane.

But conceit of this  
sort is not proper at  
all, and Hubert the  
lion was due for a  
fall.

One day as he  
sharpened his claws  
on a rock, he received  
a most horrible  
terrible shock.

A flaming hot spark  
flew up into the air,  
came down on his head  
and ignited his hair.

With a roar of  
surprise he was off  
like a streak, away  
through the jungle to  
Zamboozi creek.

He jumped in  
kersplash with a  
shower of bubbles, and  
came bobbing up with  
a head full of  
stubbles.

At first he just  
stared with a wide  
open mouth, at the  
cloud of black smoke  
drifting off to the  
south.

The he felt with his  
paws just in back of  
his ears, and suddenly  
realized the worst of  
his fears.

I'm ruined he shouted  
oh what shall I do,  
I'd rather be dead or  
go live in a zoo.

And if anyone sees  
me, oh what a

disgrace. I'd better  
discover a good hiding  
place.

He looked all around  
till he finally spied,  
an old hollow tree  
with a hole in one  
side.

He squeezed himself  
in, but the fit was  
too tight. The last  
half of Hubert was  
still in plain sight.